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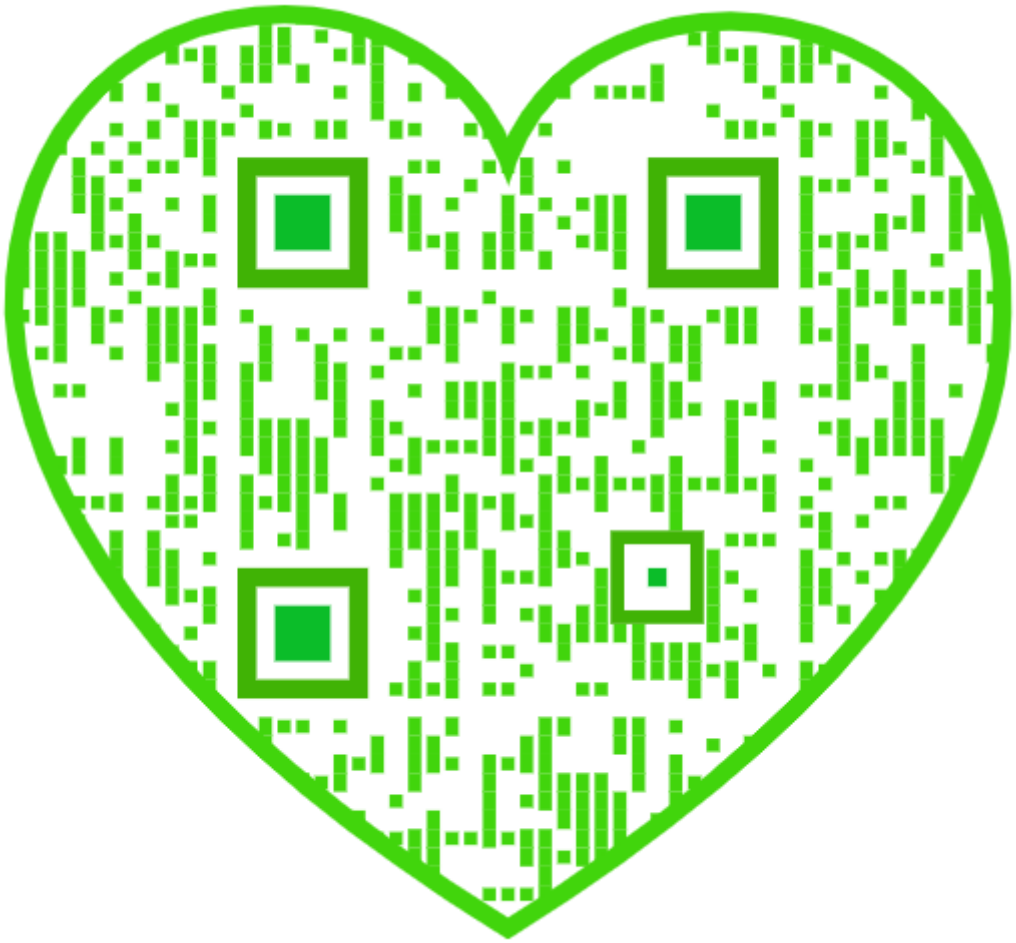
A Christmas Sunbeam.



A
CHRISTMAS SUNBEAM.

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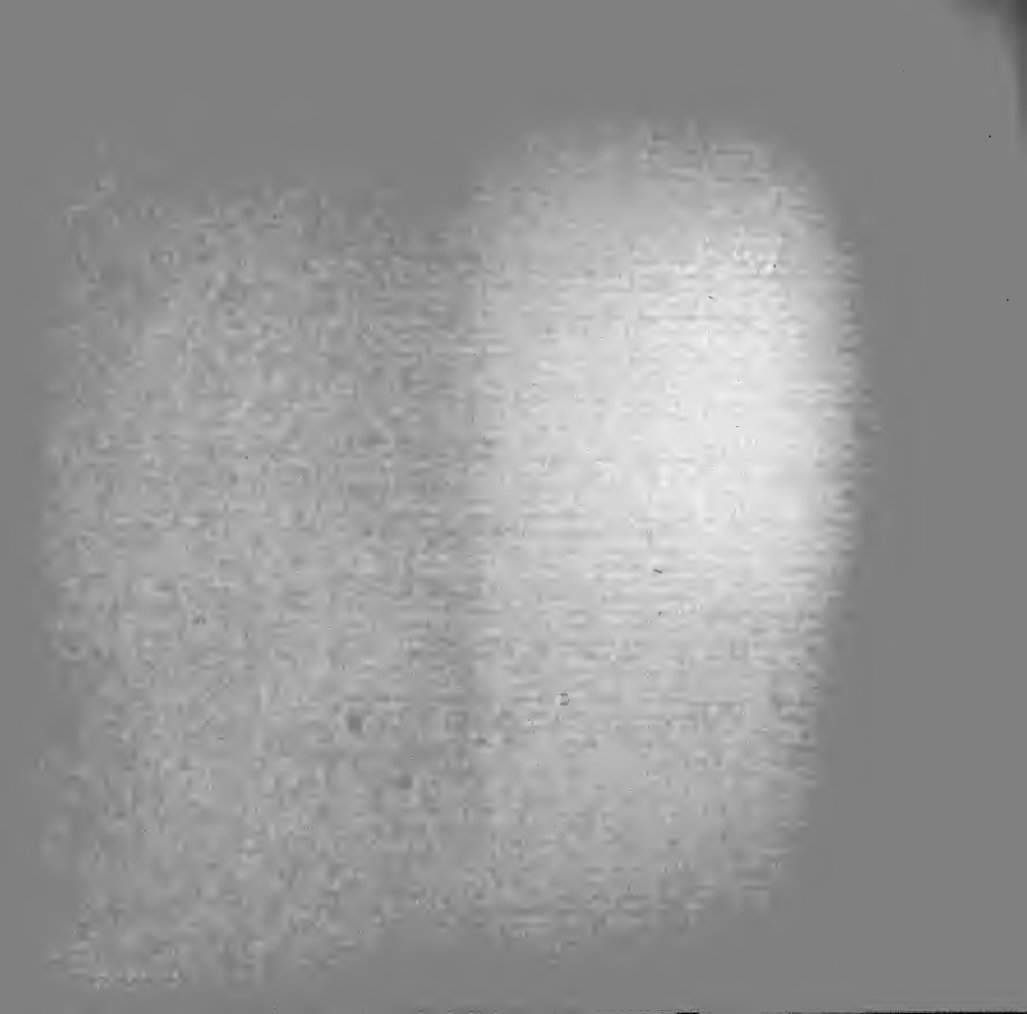
Hard & Parsons,
New York.

GATHERING Christmas mistletoe
To deck the cottage walls,
Herself, the sweetest floweret
On which the sunlight falls.
Calmly seated on a snow-bank
All unmindful of the cold,
Clasping tight the treasured bunches
That the little fingers hold.

SURELY now the lowly cottage,
Has no need of other grace
To charm the joyous Christmas morning,
Than her pretty smiling face;
Christmas joy must surely linger
Where her footsteps lightly go,
Loving hearts that know her, surely,
Christmas joy and gladness know.

LIKE a merry sunbeam, straying
From the sky at break of day,
Choosing, with a wayward spirit,
On the pleasant earth to stay,
So, this little maiden wanders
Round about with sweet intent,
Comes to-day a happy sunbeam,
Christmas sunbeam,—Heaven sent.



WISHING all the world a welcome
From her little loving heart:
In her share of Christmas bounty
Wishing all could have a part.
And throughout the hills and valleys
Where the sunbeams brightly gleam,
Not one sweeter, fairer, brighter
Than this little "Christmas-beam."

ANNIE C. MCQUEEN.

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